

Moore-ditch?

*Fals.* Thou hast the most vnfauory smiles, and art indeede the most comparatiue rascallest sweet yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethe trouble me no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Counsell rated mee the other day in the streete about you sir; but I markt him not, and yet he talkt very wisely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely, in the street too.

*Prince.* Thou didst well: for Wisedome cries out in the streets, and no man regardes it.

*Fals.* O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint: thou hast done much harme vnto me *Hal*, God forgiue thee for it: Before I knew thee *Hall*, I knew nothing: and now am I, If a man should speake truely, little better than one of the wicked: I must giue ouer this life; and I will giue it ouer: By the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine: He be damned for neuer a Kings sonne in Christendome?

*Prince.* Where shall we take a purse to morrow, *Iacke*?

*Fals.* Zounds, where thou wilt lad, He make one: and I do not, call me villaine, and Baffell me.

*Prince.* I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to Purse taking.

*Fals.* Why, *Hall*; tis my vocation *Hall*: tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

*Enter Poynes.*

*Poynes.* Now shall we know if Gads hill haue set a march: O, if men were to bee saued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent Villaine that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

*Prince.* Good morrow *Ned*.

*Poynes.* Good morrow sweete *Hall*. What sayes *Mounsieur* Remorse? What sayes sir *Iohn Sacke* and *Sugar*, *Iacke*? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy soule, that thou soldest him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

*Prin.* Sir *Iohn* stands to his word, the Diuell shall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer a breaker of Prouerbes: hee will giue the Diuell his due.

*Poynes.*

*Poynes.* Then art thou damn'd the diuell.

*Prince.* Else he had been damn'd.

*Poy.* But my lads, my lads, to morrowe early at *Gads-hill*, there are many with rich offerings, and Trade purses. I haue vizards for you all selues: *Gads-hill* lies to night in *Road* per to morrow night in *Eastcheape* sleepe: if you will goe, I will stuffer if you wil not, tarry at home and be

*Fals.* Heare ye *Yedward*, if I tarry hang you for going.

*Poy.* You will chops.

*Fals.* *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

*Prince.* Who, I rob? I a theefe?

*Fals.* Ther's neither honesty, nor ship in thee, nor thou camst not out darest not stand for ten shillings.

*Prince.* Well, then once in my

*Fals.* Why, thats well said.

*Prince.* Well, come what will,

*Fals.* By the Lord Ile be a traitor

*Prince.* I care not.

*Poin.* Sir *Iohn*, I prethee leaue the lay him down such reasons for this

*Fals.* Wel, God giue thee the spiri- cares of profiting, that what thou he heares may be beleueed, that the tion sake) proue a false theef; for t want countenance: farewell, you

*Prin.* Farewel the latter spring, fa

*Poy.* Now my good sweet hony row. I haue a ileast to execute, the *Falskaffe*, *Haruey*, *Rassill*, and *Gads-* we haue already way-laid, your se and when they haue the booty, if y cut this head from my shoulders.

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